

THE GUIDON

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THE GUIDON.

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In these autumn days our City by the Golden Gate now and then gets a fog bath. The fleecy dampness rolls in from the sea and softly envelops the beautiful bay and the peopled shore. The outlines are dim or sometimes lost altogether, and we are almost oppressed with the loss of the beauty of the world. It is, however, worth all the gloom to experience the thrill of joy that comes when the fog lifts, and all the wondrous loveliness of the bay is freshly revealed. It seems fairer than before, and impresses itself on the admiring eye in clearer outlines, that no fog can quite obscure again.

There are, likewise, hours when the fogs that obscure the religious world roll away, and we see clearly what religion is, and how beautiful it is. We are then impressed with how much we lose when our vision is not clear, and we do well to fix the outlines in our minds that we may never again be without the consciousness of beauty.

Such a clearing of the atmosphere was the opening sermon at the Saratoga Conference. The fog that seems a permanent feature in some localities, shed no darkness here. The sunlight from above melted it away, and illumined the spiritual landscape, till all was clear and beautiful. Mr. Armstrong brushed aside all non-essentials, rose above the level of controversy, and gave his conception of what was

central and vital in religion itself. It was not an elaborate effort, but a forcible, clear and convincing statement of two great truths which are the very heart of all religion. First—God *is*, and He is near to every human soul, and every one of His children can communicate with Him. Second—The reality of moral choice. “The spiritual must overcome the fleshly, or the fleshly must slay the spiritual. And God determines this not for any of us, but gives us power of prayer and love and will, and then bids us determine it each man for himself.”

These he asserts are the two poles of that word of our God which has stood and shall stand forever. It is inspiring to see how the advance of science fits in to such a conception. Instead of conflict there is reinforcement. God is the *physical force* which moves through, sustains, communes with each smallest physical atom of the whole, and He is the *conscious energy* which sustains, communes with, dwells in those conscious atoms—His human children. He cannot care for those and not also care for and love these. But one order of conscious beings, man, stands in the midst of iron law gifted with the majesty of choice. Man is *trusted of God*, he is asked to help mold the world; but no necessity compels him. He can “lift up his hand and clasp the hand of God, or he can stoop and defile his hand with the gross things of the earth.” The office of religion, then, is the helping upward to this higher life. The truest religion is that which best accomplishes this. What is the attitude and condition of one who has arisen to the divine Sonship? He loves God, his Father, and man, his brother, as himself. And so we come back to the object of all religion, of man's varied experience, of life itself—Goodness, simple human Goodness. All else is secondary, and how little relation to it has theological controversy! How ignoble seem

those conceptions of God and destiny chiefly concerned with self-saving, and how mistaken the zeal of the strugglers in the fog—both he who importunes his fellow to utter some shibboleth, and he who would rudely unsettle his brother's faith in his absorbing crusade against superstition. Religion is not self-saving, nor is it negation and iconoclasm, nor an appendix to science. It is the servant of the Spirit, the inspirer to higher and fuller life, the strong helper of man in realizing his destiny as a son of God.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Rev. M. J. Savage, on his return to Boston, gives an interesting account of his missionary journey of two months, during which he traveled eight thousand miles and spoke about twenty-five times. He speaks with enthusiasm of the country and its religious opportunities. Of his impression of San Francisco he says:

I also preached twice and lectured once in San Francisco. San Francisco is, of course, the stronghold of our faith on the Pacific slope; and Unitarianism can never be anything but a pride in that city, not only for what the church is to-day, for what it and its minister, Dr. Stebbins, are doing, but for its memories. The memory of that church is a royal thing in San Francisco and throughout the State; for the young Starr King, dying at thirty-nine, had helped more than any other one man on the coast to save the grand State of California to the Union. He stood for patriotism, for humanity. He stood for all that touches and stirs the hearts of men. They have not forgotten him. They carry him in their hearts, whether they be orthodox or heterodox; and now they are preparing to erect a grand monument to him in the finest of their public parks. Unitarianism is prosperous there. If I were to criticise our denomination and its cause in San Francisco, it would be only to suggest what they are already beginning to recognize themselves: that they have not quite aroused to the exertion of their magnificent power for the spread of the cause in other parts of the country. They are rich, earnest, strong. They can do twice as much as they are doing, and they will do it before many months or years have passed away.

It is good for us to receive such criticism. The only unpleasant sensation connected with it is that we deserve it. We are not doing what we might, though we may be doing more than is apparent to a stranger at a single glance. That which we are doing is not *showy* in its nature. We incline to follow

the "right-hand left-hand" injunction rather than the "candlestick-bushel" one, but we confess judgment as to failing to exert our full power. Having pleaded guilty, we ask a light sentence, promising to try to justify Mr. Savage's prophecy—that we will soon double our doings.

A PILGRIMAGE TO ISE.

Every Japanese likes to make a pilgrimage to Ise. It is a lovely country in itself, and possesses historic charms and religious attractions such as very few places in the Island Empire can offer. It is one of the earliest settlements made by their fathers, and here stand some of the most ancient and sacred of all the holy shrines; shrines connected by poetry and legend with the heroic age of Japan, when the gods themselves came down and walked on the earth.

To the foreigner it has the charm of being also an out-of-the-way corner of the empire, hitherto but little traveled, and thus little changed by the influx of western ideas, and the setting of the whole is among scenery that is unsurpassed for romantic beauty, combined with garden-like fertility.

I was at Kioto in May, and when I proposed to my guide to go to the "Shrines of Ise" his face fairly beamed with delight. To him Ise combined pleasure, patriotism and religion, to say nothing of the paltry profit to his pocket. So the next day he came to me and asked if I should object to having two of his friends go with us; one was in some way connected with a Japanese paper published at Kioto, and the other had some interest in the Kioto hotel. Of course I had no objection, for the more the merrier, and both were good fellows, besides which the hotel-keeper knew all the ropes, having formerly made a pilgrimage to Ise every year, and when you have lived in hotels and steamers as much as I have, you find out that the fellow who "knows all the ropes" is a very desirable traveling companion.

We were to take the railway as far as it helped us, and then travel in jinrikshas the rest of the way. But at the last minute my

guide found he could not go, so away I started in charge of his friends. The hotel-keeper did not know a word of English; the editor could write a little English, but not speak it. It was a lame party for conversation, but we were very sociable for all that. At two o'clock P. M. we took the Tokio train to Kusatsu, the next station beyond Otsu, where the Czarovich was wounded; at Kusatsu we changed cars to a branch railway, which struck off to the south toward Ise, and landed about four o'clock at a village called Seki, where I deposited my trunk in a tea-house, and after that traveled in light marching order. Our equipage was three jinrikshas and six men, each of us having a tandem team of two coolies. We made very good time over the smooth road, and soon after sundown rode into Tsu, our abiding place for the night, where we found a very comfortable tea-house, clean and nice. I will not describe this, as the books of travelers abound in such descriptions. Enough to say, we were well treated, and were up by daylight and off before seven o'clock. Japan is no place for late sleepers; the world begins moving there at daylight, and you can have no sleep in a tea-house after that.

The sun beat down so hot that I kept my umbrella over me all day, but my Japanese friends took it straight, without protection. The road was charming, through a narrow plain only a few miles wide, with the sea on the left and a bold, picturesque mountain range on the right. The whole plain was densely populated, villages every mile or two; indeed, near the Shrines it was a continuous town for several miles. The road was lively with moving people, not residents only, but groups of pilgrims in their white dress, every little while gave variety to the usual roadside scenes.

We reached the Holy Shrines of Ise soon after noon. There are two—the Nai-ku at Ise, on the north side of the river, and the Ge-ku at Yamada, on the south side. The Nai-ku is dedicated to the food goddess, the Ge-ku to the sun goddess, who is the an-

cestress of the Mikado, and the center of the Shinto faith, the old ancestral worship, the original religion of the Japanese. These Shrines were described recently in a leading magazine with illustrations, but I must give some very remarkable features of their appearance. Each Shrine consists of a group of small buildings, enclosed by a high fence, and all direct access to the building is forbidden. You can see them through a slat fence, and no more, the only place I remember in Japan from which the public is absolutely excluded. The enclosures are surrounded by dense forests of magnificent evergreen cedars and other trees, and that at Ge-ku is on an eminence supported by walls of Cyclopean masonry, built of huge, rough stones. The most singular part of all is the absolute primitive simplicity of the buildings. They are very small, not over 30 by 50 feet, very simple in structure, of unpainted wood, roofed with straw thatch. Every twenty years they are rebuilt exactly as before, and have been for centuries, the old temple not being removed till the new one was finished, so that any inaccuracy of detail could be detected. Thus we have in these primitive structures the same identical building in appearance that was built there a thousand years or more ago. The worship to which these Shrines belong reaches away back long before Buddhism had penetrated Japan, and no Buddhist temple is allowed near them. These queer relics of ancient fashions are a curious commentary on the conservative side of the Japanese character, that reverence for their ancestors and for the past history of their country, which moved the pride of the Samurai in old times to hate the foreigner, and even now gives impetus to the reactionary movement. Next month we will visit the Sun Worshipers of Futami. H. D.

I reverence old-time faith and men,
 But God is near us now as then;
 His force of love is still unspent,
 His hate of sin is imminent;
 And still the measure of our needs
 Outgrows the cramping bounds of creeds.

—WHITTIER

THE NEW OAKLAND CHURCH.

We are able to present our readers this month with illustrations and a description of the beautiful church just completed and dedicated by the Unitarians of Oakland, which takes rank among the first church edifices in the State.

The new church is complete in every respect. The style of architecture is Romanesque, and the material pressed brick and blue sandstone. The cost, including the land, was \$77,000.

The building covers 150 feet on Fourteenth street and 100 feet on Castro street, and is built on three sides of a quadrangle, the fourth opening on Fourteenth street.

On the east side of the quadrangle is the parish house, 32 x 100 feet. The lower story has in the front the Starr King Fraternity reading-room and library. It is a handsome apartment, and has been furnished, at an expense of \$1200, by the young people of the fraternity. This room is supplied with files of the best English and American magazines and reviews. It will be open every day and evening. Each of the 150 members of the Society will be given a key with which to enter the room at his own convenience.

In the rear of this room are two large parish parlors, 26 x 41 feet, which open into the Sunday-school room. These parlors are handsomely furnished and frescoed, and are used for social and Sunday-school purposes.

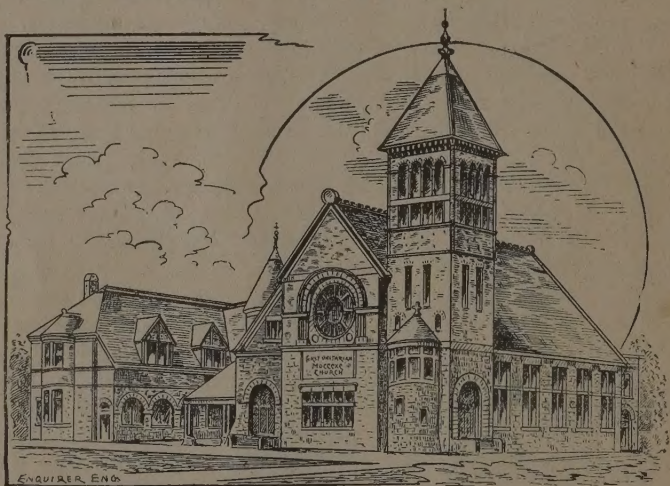
In the second story is Rev. C. W. Wendte's study, a spacious apartment, lighted on three sides. It will also be used for Bible-class and other meetings.

On the other side of the hall adjoining is the dining-room, which seats 100 people. The kitchen is connected with it. One side of the dining-room opens by folding doors into the chapel below, for which it forms a sort of gallery. This room will also be used for school and other purposes.

To the south of the quadrangle is the chapel or Sunday-school room, 41 x 52 feet in size. It has an open timber roof, the peak of which is

forty feet above the floor. This room has been very handsomely decorated with stained windows and by frescoing, and bears the inscription on its walls: "To the Worship of God and the Service of Man," the motto of the church. A handsome copy of the Sistine Madonna on the walls is the gift of the Pilgrim Sunday school in San Francisco. The entire end of this room opens into the church auditorium by means of movable doors which slide upward out of sight, thus adding 300 seats to the capacity of the church.

On the west of the quadrangle is the church proper, 55 x 100 feet. Access to it is gained by means of two vestibules at either corner on the Fourteenth street side. These lobbies are tiled and their walls are of red pressed brick. They open into the gallery stairs and also the main auditorium of the church.



FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH, OAKLAND, CAL.

The auditorium is spanned by high circular arches forty feet from the floor, above which the roof rises sixty feet to the peak. The entire roof consists of heavy timber frames and wood paneling, producing a solid effect.

The floor slopes gradually to the rostrum and pulpit on the south side.

The pulpit is a very handsome piece of work, with paneling and carving of antique oak. All the wood-work at this end of the church is in antique oak.

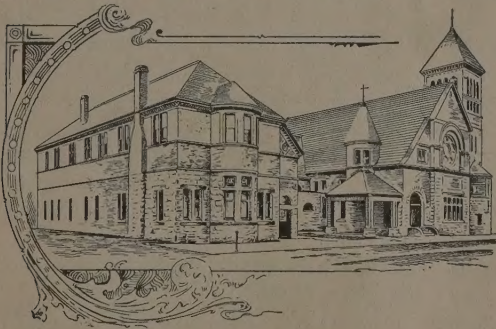
To the right of the pulpit is the minister's vestry, partitioned off from the main church by a carved oak screen. It contains a fireplace with oak mantel, toilet-room and door opening into Castro street.

The church is lighted by windows on the

Castro street side and by others facing the inner court. These windows, while unpretentious, are very handsome. Their prevailing tone is amber. Over the pulpit-arch is a large circular window, nine feet in diameter, representing the New Testament legend of "The Sower." It is quite closely copied from Millet's famous picture now in the Vanderbilt gallery, New York. This window is placed in memory of the late Judge Oscar L. Shafter by his children.

On the north wall, opposite, is another large stained glass window, eleven feet in diameter, and of a more decorative character. Its center panel represents St. John, the "Seer of Patmos," with face upturned to heaven awaiting the divine inspiration. It was placed in memory of her late husband, an eminent lawyer of Oakland, by Mrs. Gertrude S. Smythe.

On the Castro street side is another beautiful window, inserted by Francis Cutting to the memory of his deceased father and mother.



VIEW FROM EAST, SHOWING PARISH HOUSE.

Under the gallery, and between the two vestibules, is a reception-room, 18x30 feet, which is intended for social purposes before and after the Sunday service. One side of it opens into the church by large doors, affording increased seating capacity when desired. This room is lit by five stained glass windows; the center panel of each of which consists of a portrait of some eminent divine of liberal faith. The series includes Rev. Dr. W. E. Channing, Rev. Dr. Hamilton of Oakland, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Rev. Dr. Bellows and Thomas Starr King.

The church is lit at night with one large central chandelier in black and gilt, with thirty electric lights and thirty gas jets, together with smaller chandeliers and numerous side-lights. All the fixtures in the building are of combination pattern, permitting the use of either gas or electricity.

Following the growing custom in more re-

cently built edifices, the First Unitarian Church is seated with assembly chairs instead of pews. They are of heavy antique oak and iron, upholstered in dark green Russian leather, and each furnished with arm-rests, book-rack and other conveniences.

On the day succeeding the dedication some 300 members of the church assembled for a dinner and sociable in the parish house, after which they adjourned to the auditorium to select their seats. The result is eminently satisfactory to the church officers, and insures the financial prosperity of the Society for the coming year.

THE SARATOGA CONFERENCE.

The gathering at Saratoga seems to have been characterized by a spirit of brotherly love and unanimity of feeling not always found where they ought to be. The opening sermon, by Rev. Richard A. Armstrong of

Liverpool, struck a good key-note. It swept away all the unessentials about which so large a part of Christendom is in battle array, and made the two poles of true religion to be the communion with God and the reality of moral choice.

The opening address of George William Curtis was an admirable one, such as might have been expected from so noble a source. The Pacific Coast seems to have carried off its full share of honors.

The Christian Register in its report says: Dr. Stebbins so completely captivated his audience that the bell-rule was overwhelmed in torrents of applause, and for the first and only time during the convention, the time of the speaker was extended.

Unity in its report says: "There were three glow-spots, and only three, in the conference where spontaneous and unexpected eloquence fused the noble assembly into momentary forgetfulness. These were, first, the ten-minute speech of Booker T. Washington, the head of the Tuskegee colored school in Alabama. This son of the dusky race

'Used no sleight
Of the sword, but open-breasted drove,
Cleaving till out the truth he clove.'

The second point was when Mr. Kitashima.

a young Japanese, in the quaintest of phrases, and with pungent sense, pleaded for a fellowship with his people, and for that improved missionary method that would help the natives to become the liberators and the leaders of their own people. If Japan is to be Unitarianized, it must be done by Japanese. He showed us how it was the missionary privilege of the Americans to 'touch the button, and we'll do the rest.' The third glow point was when Dr. Horatio Stebbins of California, with his good nature and jolly ability, speaking for the West, swept the conference off its dignity in floods of laughter that carried the programme, bell and all, out of its proper routine for some twenty minutes. This is the only time the conference so far forgot the proprieties as to take the programme into their own hands and defy the bell."

Kitashima is a young Japanese student, formerly the sexton of Mr. Wendte's church, and now being helped in his studies by some of the societies connected with it.

Dr. Stebbins was taken ill soon after his impromptu address, and was prevented from filling the place on the program to which he had been assigned. This is much to be regretted, for after the impression made by his pleasant talk the conference would have listened to his weightier address with keen interest, and would have been moved and lifted by it.

THE SMALL CLUBS IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

It was promised in the first issue of THE GUIDON that a peep would be given soon at the work being done in some of the small clubs of the Sunday School, many of which were founded through the advice and assistance of the Onward Club. The little ones in the various classes are waking up into a realization of the work there is to be done in the world, and how much of it can be accomplished even by their small hands. In many cases the teacher can hardly keep pace with the enthusiasm of her flock—an enthusiasm that with judicious guidance does not die out after its first flame, but settles down into a readiness for steady and

conscientious work. Children are so susceptible to impressions wisely suggested to them, so easily roused to an interest in good works, that it needs only the sustaining hand and the sympathetic co-operation of a careful teacher to lead them to the accomplishment of a surprising amount of earnest work. And like most good things, the benefit does not grow in one direction alone, but reacts upon the workers, broadening and sweetening.

The first little class whose report comes to us, is that of Miss Crowell. The little girls have formed a "Ten Times One" Club, to work principally in the interest of the Orphan Asylum. They have made scrap books, of story and picture, cut out and dressed paper dolls, and devoted as much time as possible to visiting and preparing gifts for the children of the Asylum.

The boys of Miss Paul's class have undertaken a unique charity, and one which saves many steps for weary ladies. Every Tuesday afternoon, when the Channing officers are at work, a willing young messenger appears, a delegate from the club, who takes the copious mail to the Post Office, runs errands, and makes himself as helpful as possible, "In His name."

Miss Spinney writes of the loving work of her girls as follows:

"My class of nine little girls have formed themselves into one of the 'In His Name' clubs, and taken as their distinctive name 'His Followers'. So far their work has been at the Children's Hospital, where they have found a little girl with spinal trouble, whom they have adopted as their little sister. To bring some sunshine into her life is their principal work, and it is accomplished by frequent visits with flowers, fruits and pleasant words.

"The dues are ten cents a month. Last month with the money they presented their 'little sister' with a flannel sack, which she needed very much.

"The Society for Christian Work has kindly supplied the money for sheets for her bed, and the children's next work will be embroidering the little girl's name upon them."

Even the infant class is not of a mind to be left behind in good works, and has selected its own field for helpful effort.

Miss Campbell says:

"I formed a club in my class to-day amid hearty cheers. It is the 'Christmas Club.' The children report at Sunday School every second Sunday what they have made for some little one at Christmas, who is not so fortunate in home, parents and the blessings of which their lives are so full. Even the tiny ones were sure they could make something.

So our ball is rolling, and will only need careful attention to guide it so that it may benefit our little ones, and possibly some other babies, too."

Miss Hanks' class of seven are busy in several small charities. It is their desire to become members of the children's branch of the Post Office Mission, but while waiting for the names of enough correspondents to go around, they are devoting themselves principally to work done in their own homes. Each has one special home duty, of which she takes the responsibility and the burden. One hears her little brother's lessons every night; another helps her mother with the sewing for a half an hour each day; and a third has undertaken to keep the buttons tight on several little sisters' clothes and shoes. A "Christmas Box" is kept for special use, in which are laid away carefully mended toys and books and clothing, to gladden Christmas-time to little needy ones. Just now each one of the children is earning by her own work a set sum, to go toward providing a Thanksgiving dinner for some deserving family.

Miss Florence Paul writes so charmingly of the work of her little girls, that we give her account in full:

"As the children of my class are only eleven years old, the work done by them is of the simplest kind, but they try to spend at least an hour each week in some good work.

"They have made dozens of scrap-books, and have at present about six to be disposed of as soon as we have applicants for them.

"They string spools for the little ones at the Nursery on California street, and save silk pieces for the old ladies at the Old People's Home. One is making paper dolls for some little children who have no playthings. Another is trying to mend up her old doll to put in our Christmas box. Two children are interested in working for a little Fair to be given some time before Christmas, and each member of the Club has promised to contribute some article toward it.

They have all become greatly interested in the children's branch of the Post Office Mission, and write to about eight little girls living in the country, often sending them books, Sunday School papers, magazines and balls.

One of their little correspondents, living in Arizona, has joined our "I. H. N." Club, wears the little cross, and, as her portion of the work, has the nucleus of a circulating library at her home, and she distributes to as many children as possible the books our Club send to her.

Several children borrow books each week from a small library at my home, and the members of the Club lend their books, when needed, to the circulating library, which is almost too small to be honored by such a name.

The Club has been formed many months. Our dues are only fifteen cents a month—ten cents for the Sunday School and five for the Club, and as we have had no large donations, we are not very flourishing in that direction; but we have enough to keep us supplied with postage stamps, which is at present our heaviest expense."

Surely, such work needs no comment.

"It is twice bless'd;

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;"

and in what better paths can the little ones be taught to walk, than in those which lead to generosity, and unselfishness, and mercy?

A. H.

SOCIETY FOR CHRISTIAN WORK.

The ladies of the Society for Christian Work are busy with many plans for this winter. The affairs of the Society are in a flourishing condition, and the members are active in its usual quiet charities. A large number of garments have been made and distributed since the Autumn gathering, and aid given in many directions to those needing it.

The ladies have in prospect several entertainments at the church for the benefit of the Society, the first of which is to be a Stereopticon Exhibition on November 13. The slides have been kindly promised by the California Camera Club, and will be of unusual interest and beauty. Mr. T. P. Andrews, Secretary of the Club, will take direct supervision of the optical lantern, and the Mandolin Club will furnish several musical interludes.

The ladies have decided to omit the usual December bazar this year, and hold in its place an Apron Sale, at which will be displayed aprons of every variety, from the daintiest lace and muslin "confections" to the most practical and prosaic gingham protectors for the kitchen. There will also be on sale a cook-book, compiled entirely from personal receipts contributed by the ladies of the Society, which will present an array of nutritious and delicate edibles calculated to "tempt the dying anchorite to eat." Luncheon will be served in the dining room of the church, on the day of the sale, from 11 o'clock till 3, and the day will close with a social entertainment of some sort in the evening.

INFLUENCE.

We cannot know, when scattering our seed
Wide o'er the ground, which grains the soil will feed,
And which will perish 'mid the stones and
sand;—

Yet do we doubt not, nor restrain our hand,
Faithful our work, though flourish fruit or weed.

So, in our daily life, does many a deed
Sink out of sight, and whether it succeed
Or fail in hastening the end we planned,
We cannot know.

Oft we pass by, and thoughtless, never heed
Those waiting souls who feel such bitter need
Of our slight help. Ah, could we understand
How one kind word might in their hearts
expand!

Be true! What matter if the end we speed
We cannot know?

—F. G. B.

SUNDRIES.

The Onward Club, after its regular meeting on Saturday, October 31st, held a "Halloween High Jinks," during which various reliable charms were found effective. A light supper followed, and if all did not go home happy it was because of individual idiosyncracies not to be envied.

The boys of the Sunday School, young and old, seem filled with military ardor not to be repressed, and an effort will be made to direct this force into some safe and desirable channel, where it may promote the general interest in the school, and the individual enjoyment of those who take part in the movement.

The Onward Club scored a clear hit in its management of the Children's Matinee at which Miss Benfey gave one of her delightful recitals. It was well worked up at a small money expense and an audience that filled the room was the result. The profits are not yet definitely determined, but \$100 at least will be divided between the club and Miss Benfey.

The following Sunday-schools are using the lessons prepared by Pilgrim Sunday-school and offered without charge to all who wish them. Unity Mission, Alameda, Berke-

ley, San Jose, Spokane, and Olympia. Others have expressed their intention of adopting them soon. Our own school seems to enjoy them. The memory verse is well learned each Sunday, and the school is able to repeat in concert the texts accumulated to date.

The Society for Christian Work, at its last meeting, did two things that make us both glad and proud. They contributed \$60 to the James Freeman Clark memorial of an endowment for the Meadville Theological School, and sent \$40 as an admission fee to the Woman's Alliance. The *amount* is not large enough to startle us into admiration, but the *spirit* touches a responsive chord. Anything that tends to subdue our intense individuality and show that we can unite for a common end, is to be hailed with delight. There is something inspiring in the thought of our Unitarian women forming a national organization, and we hope much from it. It is fitting that the oldest society of Unitarian women on the coast should be the first to fall into line.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REMINISCENCES.

A friend in the East, writing of the last GUIDON, says:

"I wonder who 'F. G. B.' is? His (or her) reminiscences are charming. I remember my old library card with the tenderest feelings. It got sadly dog-eared and almost split in two, but it was the 'open sesame' to rows of the earliest treasures of my childhood. There was such an ecstasy of expectation when the librarians distributed the books and we hastened to see if the one we especially wanted had been given us. We were often disappointed, and some book, whose number we had put on the card 'just to fill up,' was placed in our hands. However, we didn't lose faith, but continued to wish on every load of hay, on every calico horse, or on the star we first saw at night, that next Sunday we might get 'Hans Brinker,' or 'The Old-fashioned Girl.' I remember with delight 'The Boy's Own Book,' which F. G. B. mentions. It contained a wonderful trick done with chemicals. I 'saved up' and bought the chemicals, and did the trick before an admiring assembly of children who had paid five pins, a bottle or an old horse-shoe for the privilege."

Our pride will not allow us to omit the next two lines:

"THE GUIDON is so brave, so hopeful, so reverent, so earnest, I like it."

CHANNING AUXILIARY.

The Channing Auxiliary Art Class, under the leadership of Mr. Solly H. Walters, opened to an appreciative audience, at the church parlors, on October 9th. The lectures are made extremely interesting by Mr. Walter's free-hand drawings in charcoal, illustrating his analysis of technique, drawing, color, composition and finish. At one of the more recent lectures the rooms were darkened, and various architectural subjects were thrown by stereopticon upon the screen, accompanied by the lecturer's descriptions and criticism. The course comprises eight lectures. The class meets at the church parlors, on the Friday of each week, at 3:30 P. M.

Mrs. Louise Humphrey Smith's third and last recital, before the Channing Auxiliary, comprised selections from Browning, in interpreting whose writings Mrs. Smith showed rare sympathy and insight. The refined sentiment of "Evelyn Hope," with its suggestions of the life beyond, the delicate grace of "Memorabilia," and the dramatic fervor of "Hervé Riel" and "In a Balcony," were rendered with equal ease by this most versatile of readers.

THE HINCKLEY SCHOLARSHIP.

By the will of Capt. Wm. C. Hinckley, formerly a devoted member of the First Unitarian Church of San Francisco, among other provisions for human beneficence and charity, the following provision was made for a scholarship: "I wish also to show my interest in good learning, and my sympathy with honorable and striving young men, to set apart from the income of this fund the sum of three hundred dollars per annum, to be known and designated as The Hinckley Scholarship, to be given to some worthy, talented and industrious, and needy young man, who is pursuing liberal studies, either in the University of the State, or in any other school, as the trustees shall name." After weary years of litigation the trustees are at last in a position to carry into effect this provision of the will, and the scholarship for the present year has been awarded to Mr. Emmett A. Byler, a member of the senior class of the University of California.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

LOS ANGELES.—Plans have been accepted for the new church building. Besides the auditorium and lecture-room there will be a ladies' parlor, kitchen, library, pastor's study, etc. The auditorium will be 70 x 70 feet, seating 550, with gallery capacity of 275, which, with the lecture rooms (which can be thrown open to the main body of the house), will give the full seating capacity of about 1,000. The cost is estimated at \$16,000, which, when furnished and the windows in, with the cost of the building site, will make a total investment in the neighborhood of \$30,000. \$10,000 more would have built us a very elegant structure, but we were afraid to risk the undertaking of building anything more expensive than the plan chosen, and which, too, we believe will please everybody.

PORTLAND, OR.—In the Church of Our Father, Dr. Eliot is ably seconded by his young associate, Rev. Earl M. Wilbur, and under the earnest efforts of these devoted pastors, work all along the line is active. The Sunday school is flourishing, and the young people's Fraternity is entering upon the new program with great earnestness. Much pleasure and profit is anticipated by the members in the study of Emerson, which is the theme of Tuesday evenings' meetings. On Sunday evenings the religious study and devotional class is well attended.

A new departure is to be tried by the P. O. M. The legitimate work of that society is not to be interrupted in the least, but, in addition, the church parlors are to be opened evenings and made a cheery spot, where all who will may come and read the current periodical literature, which will be freely furnished. The rooms will be headquarters for all P. O. M. work, and the depository of its Frazer Loan Library and pamphlet literature.

Rev. John Erickson, for some years preacher in a Scandinavian M. E. church in this city, has recently taken leave of his church, announcing himself in sympathy with Unitarianism. He has done this after long and conscientious study. He will now enter upon a work among his people here in which he will set forth his present views, and which will enlist our warmest interest and sympathy.

The absence of the editor of this department at the Los Angeles Conference accounts for its curtailment.

SARATOGA CHIPS.

Our little paper is too small to make much of a report of such a meeting as the Saratoga Conference. Even the *Christian Register*, opened to its full capacity, couldn't register it all, and after adding several extra pages, took two numbers to complete the account.

The following selections are merely a few random chips which were interlarded with much wit and wisdom. They are crisp and wholesome, and do not in any way suggest indigestion.

These, I believe, are the two poles of that word of God which has stood, shall stand forever—the fellowship of man with God in prayer, the moral choice given by God to man.

For the good or for the evil he can make his choice. At every moment of his life he can lift up his hand and clasp the hand of God, or he can stoop and defile his hand with the gross things of earth. The star cannot choose but shine in heaven. The dead leaf cannot choose but be trampled in the mud. But he can light the lamp of his soul and shine out over a sinful world, or he can lay his heart in the mire and befoul himself with sin.—REV. RICH'D A. ARMSTRONG.

The liberal religious spirit of the country finds its happiest illustration in the good and great men who have borne the name, in the great movements of progress and reform, social, moral, religious, with which it is identified, and with that constant extension of the spirit of religious liberty which universally prevails.

Why should not Unitarianism point to its illustrious confessors and say, these are my children? Why should it not point to great public service, to noble character, to righteous lives, and say: If these are the fruits of heterodoxy, so much the worse for orthodoxy? Christianity is less to be considered an orthodox doctrine than a righteous life.

If conscience be the voice of God in our souls, I feel very sure, if I may judge your promptings by mine, that it does not exhort us to believe nine or thirty-nine or thirty-

nine hundred articles. It exhorts us to do this because it is right, and not to do that because it is wrong.—GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Religion is a sentiment that bears the spirit toward excellence, that quickens the soul with a thirst for harmony, with the light of love, and nerves it to do brave things. Without thought, religion sinks into superstition, priestcraft, bigotry, idolatry.

The thinkers are ever the prophets of religion. Isaiah, Savonarola and Theodore Parker brought masterful intellects to the service of religion, and their call to reason proved also a call to prayer.

If we would quicken the religious emotion of the young, give them great things to think about.

Not only is thought necessary to right feeling, but it is indispensable to right conduct. The thought side of religion makes it *practical*. The good impulses of ill-furnished minds are oftentimes more dangerous than the evil plottings of the unregenerated.

Every new idea is a contribution to that character which alone is the measure of our religious life.

Every book that moves the mind from low things is sacred scripture.

The evils of thought are corrected only by more thought.—REV. JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

The true Unitarian is always trying to be something better than a Unitarian, and that is always Unitarianism. Just as soon as he settles down to be a Unitarian, he ceases to be a Unitarian.

I never think of our Unitarian Church as destined to swallow up and devour all other churches, and be a substitute for them; but I think of it as inside of Christendom for providential purposes, to do an important work in the interest of Christendom.

We can render no better service to the rest of the Christian world than to supply an object lesson in spiritual union and spiritual liberty together.—REV. CHARLES G. AMES.

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A water-proof is called a Mackintosh, but there are McIntoshes that are not whiskey-and-water-proof.

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Page.—"The missus, my Lord."

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